

Novacane by milevenmirkwood

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: A little Mike/Max, Also it's been a while since I written a ST fic, But then again I though it'd be interesting, But underage drinking, Don't worry, F/M, I don't want Max to be pulled into romances, Mileven is endgame, She wants someone that doesn't want her, That while Lucas and Dustin fight over her, Unrequited Crush, but i'm back, no drug use

Language: English

Characters: Eleven, Max (Stranger Things), Mike Wheeler

Relationships: Eleven & Mike Wheeler, Mike Wheeler/ Eleven, Mike Wheeler/Max

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-09-03

Updated: 2017-09-03

Packaged: 2022-04-02 01:40:48

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings, No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,108

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

But girl I can't feel my face
What are we smokin' anyway
She said don't let the high go to waste

Novacane

Author's Note:

Hi hello! So the fic is mostly explained in the tags and summary. I'm so sorry I've been absant for a while and that this isn't neccesarly a mileven fic, but until October 27, 2017 the fandom will be at a stand still. Anyway I'm rambaling, but what else is new?

Mike stumbled into the kitchen, discarding of his dirty plate into the sink which was already filled with dirty dishes. Mike smiled humorlessly. Why had all these dirty dishes bothered him in the first place? He knew very well why, cause he was so used to his spotless kitchen. The Wheelers, a picture perfect family with the biggest house at the end of the cult-de-saq. The picture perfect family that was falling apart at the seams. His parents fighting woke him up last night, his dad yelling about Holly's cries waking him and his mom arguing back. When did he realize that it was all bullshit?

"Hey Wheeler did the roaches get to ya?!"

That made Mike smile genuinely. Sure Max's house was small, dirty and run down but they didn't pretend they were better than everyone else. That was how he ended up here, at Max's house and piss drunk at noon on a Thursday.

He woke later after his alarm crapped out on him. His mom left early that morning without a word. Mike figured she left for fresh air, but she hadn't returned when he awoke late. His dad was a work, Nancy left to meet Steve and Holly was at daycare. Mike awoke peacefully, only to realize the only reason for that was cause his alarm hadn't gone off. He rushed to get ready and was riding his bike down the road when he spotted a certain redhead.

"Damn Wheeler! You look like you've been though hell and back!"

Mike stopped, thankful for the distraction, as he was messy and dripping with sweat.

"My... alarm...broke."

"You're on you way to school? Just skip. The day's half over anyway." Max said.

The thought made Mike's heart sink. The last time he skipped school... was when he was with...

"Why aren't you in school?" Mike asked.

"I got better things to do."

"Like?"

Max looked around to see if anyone was looking before lifting her shirt. Mike's eyes grew wide, only to discover that she had a vodka bottle duck taped to her stomach.

"Plus I knew I was gonna fail Clarke's test so why not?"

Mike felt uncomfortable with the situation and was about to advise against it when he realized. His parents were on the edge of divorce, his grades were slipping, he was growing distant with his friends, Will was acting stranger and stranger, and El... He could use a drink. Before he could talk himself out of it, Mike heard himself say...

"Want some company?"

Max watched with amusement as Mike made his way back into the living room, plopping down beside her on the couch.

"You know, I'm surprised this is your first time being drunk." Max stated.

Mike snorted. "Why?"

"I don't know... you just-you're so melancholy."

"No I'm not." Mike argued defensively.

"Oh whatever Wheeler. Believe me, I'm an expert on covering up." Max said, reaching for the bottle and taking a swig.

Mike said nothing, trying desperately to ignore his thoughts of her. El.

"How long has your mom been gone?" Mike asked.

"A couple of weeks. She comes and goes. If I'm lucky, she'll stay

around for a month.” Max confessed, words finally slurring.
“Sucks.” Mike said and El nodded.

Mike reached for the bottle, taking a swig and washing it down with generic soda.

“What about your woes?” Max said with a humorless smirk.
“Fuck... where do I start?”
“How about with her? El?”

Mike tensed at the sound of her name.

“How do you know about-there’s nothing to say.” Mike said, this time taking a swig without washing it down.

“I’ve heard you guys talking about her. Her, She and all that. An ex?” Max asked. “What did she move away or cheat on you or something?”

“Dead.” Mike said, voice gravely with grief.

“Oh shit. Oh my god.”

Mike nodded. “Right in front of my eyes.”

“Jesus... Mike... if-I would have never if I’d know.”

Mike just took another swig. He flinched at a foreign touch only to realize that Max gently placed a hand on his forearm.

“Don’t hog it.”

Mike smiled widely before passing the bottle to her.

“Is your brother coming home soon? What if he sees us?” Mike asked, voice slurred as he was practically paralyzed.

“Step brother.” She emphasized. “And he doesn’t give a shit what I do.”

Mike sighed, relaxing further into the couch and trying to stop the world from spinning.

“I-I think I’m gonna be sick.” He confessed, causing Max to explode with laughter.

“Congrats on being drunk for the first time Wheeler. How’s it feel?”

“Nauseating.” Mike said, sitting up and clutching his stomach.

“No no no! If you’re gonna be sick, don’t do it on the couch!” Max yelled, jumping up and stumbling her way to him.

“I... I think I’m good.” Mike said before Max crashed into him and landing on his lap.

The two were tensed until they finally looked at each other. His dark brown eyes latched onto her blue ones and before either realized what was happening, their lips were ravaged against each others. Max shifted, waving her fingers into his silky dark brown hair. Mike gripped her waist until he realized what was happening and pulled away. The two breathed heavily and stared at each other until Mike felt a torturous fireball erupt from his stomach and made it’s way up his throat. He was going to be sick. Mike shoved Max off of him and rushed to the bathroom.

After a few minutes of vomiting, Mike emerged from the bathroom to see Max sitting idly on couch.

“Thanks for making it to the bathroom.” she commented with a humorless smirk.

“Yeah...” Mike trailed off until realization hit him. “I didn’t cause we- I just- it was the-“

“Mike don’t. I know and it’s fine. You’re not really my type anyway.” Max said, her blue eyes staring at and dancing with amusement.

“I’m- I’m not complaining or anything, but can we just pretend that didn’t happen?” Mike asked.

“Pretend what didn’t happen?” Max asked.

They shared a smile and Mike returned to the couch, only to pass out. A million thoughts ran through Max’s head as she stared at him. His mouth was slightly agape, his chest rising and falling with his dark brown hair hanging in his eyes.

Max cut off her thoughts like cutting thousands of balloon strings, setting them a drift and abandoning those thoughts as she left the living room to her room. Max looked at him one last time before leaving Mike. She was the expert on covering up after all.

Author's Note:

Hi so I hoped you guys liked that and I'll try to write more fics more often! Most of the time it's good ideas, but I don't have a great execution. If you want me to write certain headcannons or ships you can always drop and ask into my inbox on tumblr @milevenmirkwood! I love you guys and 10/27 is gonna be here before we know it! Please leave a comment or kudos if you liked this and I'll see you guys soon!